THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A Chronicle and Review of the Doings of the Day, at Home and Abroad.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

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HERE AND THERE.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess D'Aumale died on Monday, at Orleans-house, Twickenham, in her 48th year.

The Archbishop of Canterbury is slowly regaining strength.

The Confirmation of Dr. Temple took place in the Church of St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside, on Wednesday.

After a series of farewell gatherings and addresses in Sheffield, in the course of which Broadhead presented himself to his audience as an injured and persecuted man, he reached Liverpool on Friday, having previously engaged a steerage passage to the United States. On Saturday morning he proceeded alone to the Prince's landing stage, and was conveyed together with the other passengers to the "Etna," which sailed about half-past eleven o'clock for Halifax and New York.

The committee formed for the purpose of honouring the late Lord Derby's memory have abandoned their original design, and have determined that the memorial shall be a national one, raised by general subscriptions, and erected on a public site.

The Paris journals enter into somewhat minute details respecting the personal appearance of remarkable people. *Le Petit Journal* gives a portrait gallery of members of the Legislative Assembly, and, to judge from two recent specimens, is not altogether satisfied with the cut of their clothes. It says that M. Clement Duvernois is much, and yet badly, dressed, has a good great coat and an irreproachable hat, but, having a great horror of braces, cannot possibly avoid showing a fringe or puffing of shirt between his waistcoat and trousers. The case of the Marquis de Sainte Hermine is still worse. He wears trousers which have no right to the name in any known language, and have the further disadvantage of seeming to have no hold upon him; but this, it is stated, may be that he himself holds to nothing, being a philosopher.

A noted ruffian named Sam Murdoch was lynched recently in Fremont County, Iowa, for the murder of Henry Johnson. Since the lynching Johnson has re-appeared in perfect health, and the authorities are looking for the lynchers.

Baron Malortie and M. de la Poeze, who fought a duel last summer, and who, after exchanging three shots apiece without effect, fell to with rapiers, and after three-quarters of an hour scratched each other, have just been condemned to two months' imprisonment, and the seconds to one month. Baron Malortie will have to appear again for his duel with Captain Roberton and M. de la Poeze for his encounter with Mr. Reginald Russell. The Tribunal of Correctional Police is increasing in severity.

The trial of Traupmann, the Pantin murderer, will commence in the second session of December, about the 27th inst., under the presidency of M. le President Thevenin.

"Nothing," says *Figaro*, "is sacred with the English. They are actually about to turn a place of worship—the Ranelagh Presbyterian Church—into a theatre." Are they? And where is it?

The following advertisement appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* of Monday:—"Darling Charlie."—Am quite broken-hearted. Do meet me any day during the Cattle, Show about 2. p.m. by Harding's Flexible Roofing Model, Stand No. 53, in the New Concert Hall. Don't disappoint.—Your own LAURA. The vicinity of "Stand No. 53" was naturally crowded during the show by persons anxious to witness the meeting between the Darling and his own.

The gains at roulette during the past season at Spa were 43,650*l.*, and the losses 2,700*l.*, whilst at trente-et-un the figures were 49,190*l.* and 22,145*l.*

During the inauguration of the Suez Canal, the preparations for the accommodation of guests, magnificent as they were, were occasionally found inadequate to the wants of the multitude of the Khedive's visitors. A gentleman "of no distinction in any way" went to the Viceroy and demanded an audience, which Ismail, most accessible of Pashas, readily granted. The complaint of the injured guest was that he had been put to sleep in a double-bedded room. The Viceroy, with many apologies, immediately gave orders that *three more beds* showed be placed in the apartment of the complainant.

The director of a French theatre, La Gaiété, has introduced a curious theatrical innovation. In the "Bibliotheque Imperiale" there exists an interesting collection of engravings representing the actors and actresses of the last two centuries in the costumes originally worn by them in their respective parts, and the experiment has now been made at the Gaiété of restoring the original *mise en scène* of Racine's tragedy of *Andromaque*, which is now given exactly as it was performed before the Grand Monarque. The well-known dramatic critic, M. de Sarcey,, in a recent conference, strongly advocated the propriety of this revival. According to him, a hero of Racine's tragedies, while wearing the costume, as well as speaking the language, of the French Court, is, though a conventional, at least a consistent type. His thoughts and expressions are essentially those of a French gentleman, in spite of his Greek or Roman pseudonym; and the polite and courtly phrases which he employs, even under the most trying circumstances, must always more or less shock the spectator's sense of the fitness of things when uttered qy a man in a toga and sandals. There is, undoubtedly, much truth in this view of the case; still it will be difficult to reconcile oneself to Camilla cursing Rome in a hoop and patches, or to Julius Cæsar expiring in a wig and lace ruffles.

The sale returns from the Birmingham Dog Show are suggestive. Nearly all the sporting dogs failed to fetch the prices put on them by their owners. The reason is obvious. There is absolutely no employment for pointers and setters in the turnip and clover fields, whither the birds are driven and then "walked up" by the sportsman. And in covey shooting the army of beaters always present at a battue renders spaniels and retrievers almost equally unnecessary. Fancy dogs commanded fancy prices. A mastiff fetched 450*l.* A smooth-haired terrier, which had gained neither prize nor recommendation, realised 42*l.*; and a bulldog, purchased, perhaps, for a Parisian Anglo-maniac, almost doubled the sum at which he was rated in the catalogue.

All Rome is laughing at an adventure of two representatives of the London *demi monde*, who, on their way to Rome, fastened themselves on an innocent prelate, and were presented by him to Cardinal Antonelli as English ladies of fashion.

A new version of *She Stoops To Conquer* is just now being performed at Greenwich. The *Kentish Mercury* informs us that "the Marquis of Townshend, whose eccentricities in the way of charity are so well known, has been completely thrown into the shade by a lady of noble birth, who has taken the saloons of the New Greenwich Theatre for the purpose of giving the profits to the unemployed in Deptford Dockyard." This benevolent and distinguished person "enters so heartily into her work that she is to be seen nightly, attended by her two pages, dispensing soda and brandies, &c., with a grace and fascination that draw her numerous customers."

The New York Fat Men's Association have just held a meeting; President James Fisk in the chair. There are 150 members, 88 of whom have "paid up." The arrangements for the approaching "Fat Men's Ball" were discussed. Grafulla's band, it was announced, was engaged for the ball, and there were to be 24 regular dances, and two pieces of music, composed expressly for the Fat Men's Association, a polka redowa and a waltz. A brother thought it was rather rough to make the fat men waltz, but without deciding that point the meeting adjourned.

The winner of the £100 Plate for the best beast in the show was the Earl of Aylesford's shorthorn, whose sire Viceroy, was by Royal Butterfly 5th. He also won the first prize in his class, 30*l.*; and 40*l.* as the best ox, and steer in all the classes, and a medal; while at Birmingham he secured 132*l* and a medal. Almost as good as a successful two-year-old.

Among the other entertainments provided for the guests of the Viceroy there were races in the Abassieh Plain. The race-course lay on the side of a great shelving slope. The sand was yellow, with a deep tawny hue; your carriage-wheels sunk well-nigh up to the axle as the horses tugged wearily over the plain; the sun glared from a sky dazzling to the sight, with its depth of cloudless blue. And yet there, upon a background so unfamiliar to the English eye, was placed the outward semblance of an English race-course. Grand stand, Jockey Club enclosure tents for refreshment, weighing paddocks, and all the rest of the *mise-en-scene* of a thriving provincial meeting, were provided for the Desert. The course was marked out with ropes; the jockeys wore top-boots and velvet caps. Rows of London-built carriages, breaks, drags, and barouches were drawn up on either side the course; and, to make the illusion perfect, there were parties of gaily-dressed women unescorted by gentlemen, about whose lot in life no doubt could be entertained. The only things wanting were the ring and the roar of the betting men. Egypt, unfortunately, has not progressed far enough in its acquirement of Western civilisation to have produced a welcher. There were crowds of Arabs, chiefly donkey-boys, syces, khevasses, or camel-drivers, collected about the stands, and they seemed to me to take more genuine interest in the racing than I ever witnessed in any race-course crowd out of England. So far as I could see, none of the Egyptian ladies were present; and the carriage company was exclusively composed of Europeans. At two o'clock the Khediveh and the Emperor of Austria drove up along the race-course in an open barouche with four horses, and with postilions and outriders dressed in English liveries, and the sport began forthwith. Race followed race with commendable rapidity. As the Viceroy dislikes being kept waiting, and has the power to make his displeasure felt by very potent arguments, there were no false starts; and between two and six a dozen races were run, over distances varying from two to six miles in length. I confess that when you don't know the name of a single horse, and have not a sixpence on the event, the noble sport always seems to me to be singularly dull; and I doubt whether even sporting readers would be grateful to me for sending you a correct card of the Cairo November meeting. The only incidents in the day's legitimate sport I need record are, that wherever English and Arab horses ran together, the former invariably won, and that one of the gentlemen riders was a brother correspondent, who, unfortunately for the credit of literature, did not mount the winning horse. The dulness, however, of the legitimate racing was made up for in some degree by an eminently illegitimate race for speed between dromedaries. Three started; one tailed off at an early period; and the remaining two trotted three times round the course, six miles in all, neck by neck, till they reached the Royal stand, when one of them, ridden by a negro, shot ahead and won in a canter. Knowing people said both the beasts belong to the same owner, and never raced at all. They certainly took twenty-seven minutes in doing six miles; whereas I was informed by Sir Samuel Baker, who probably knows more about dromedaries than most men, that they ought to run at full racing pace five miles in fifteen minutes. So far as I could observe with the aid of a field-glass, a great part of the distance was done at a swinging walk, the gallop or fast trot being resorted to only when in sight of the stands. The mystery to me was how the riders kept their seats, Perched up on the top of the hump in a little seat, not unlike that in which a hansom cabman sits, they had no apparent support for their feet. Their legs dangled loosely on either side the dromedary's neck; and every moment you fancied they must fall off, as they leaned from side to side cracking their hippopotamus hide whips. However, there was no accident; and the whole day's racing was unattended with a single casualty.

THE MAN ABROAD.

Paris, December 9th.

In reviewing the events of the past ten days here, it is impossible to omit a notice of poiltical matters, and the changes which are daily and almost hourly taking place in the Chambers as to the complexion of parties. These changes, however, are so sudden, so numerous, and so bewildering, that I feel it almost impossible to sum them up correctly, or give you an opinion as to how or where they will terminate. When the most astute statesmen and *littérateurs*, who have made politics their study for a series of years, in a country where change has been so long the order of the day, cannot offer any confident prediction as to the result of the present crisis, none I am sure, will expect from one who, like myself, has no better means of forecasting the future than that which a comparison of the views taken by the different journals, and the information, more or less trustworthy, culled *parci partà* afford, a positive statement as to what will be the end of all these transformation scenes. My difficulties are increased by the fact that I have been unable to hear the opinion which the Emperor has formed of them, owing to the correspondent of the paper with the largest circulation in the world having been so much at the Tuileries this week, that His Majesty has had little time to spare for any one else; I may, however, hazard the prophecy that one of two things is likely to happen—either the programme of M. Ollivier, which is daily recruiting fresh adherents from the various sections into which the Corps Legislatif is split up, will be accepted by Napoleon, which result would give us a "truly constitutional" Government, or the Emperor will not be able to part so entirely with the supreme power, and to extinguish for ever the last flickering of personal government, in which case the future is, indeed, dark, for all would then depend on how the Chamber took so great a rebuff; and, though it has shown a decided tendency to assert its claims to an equal share, at least, of power with the *chef d'état*, yet this may have arisen in a great measure from many of the deputies believing (let us hope correctly) that His Majesty was anxious to have a majority who would demand these large reforms, so that it might be said that they were granted, not as a check against the Extremes, but on the deliberate demand of the representatives of the people. In this event many Deputies finding themselves mistaken would not remain firm to their present demands, but join the supporters *quand même* of Imperialism as it existed till last July. But I hope, and indeed expect, that the Emperor will frankly accept the situation, and that after the elections have all been verified and the Chamber is in full working order we shall have the present Ministry, which was never regarded as more than a temporary one, replaced by M. Ollivier and his allies, amongst whom may be accounted M. M. Magne and Chasseloup Laubat of the present Government. Even in this case there will be an enormous amount of work to transact before things will begin to go on smoothly, and if all these combinations come to naught, I fear that serious troubles may ensue, in which liberty may be again lost and society have to be "saved." Heaven forefend such a calamity! and keep us in the way which we have been pursuing, slowly though surely, since the general elections, and which, if followed to its end, will ultimately bring us into the haven where we would be. To add to the other labours of the Session, the battle between Free Trade and Protection will have to be fought out, and as this question has now assumed the definite aspect of a fight between the North and the South, it is sure to be a severe one. At present the chances of war seem to favour the South, which has the advantage of possessing the great cities of Marseilles, Bordeaux, and Lyons, which are unanimous in their demand for a renewal of the treaty, but we may reckon on there being a considerable modification in many of the articles, and an attempt, at least on your side of the water, to make very great changes therein. I have given you as good a sketch as I can of the political occurrences of the week, and will proceed to inform you of what has taken place in social life here.

Chief, of course, amongst these is the return of the Empress from her Eastern tour. You may be sure that she was glad to get back to her family after an absence, which for a Sovereign was so long a one, from her country. She encountered terrible weather in the Mediterranean, and the "Aigle" was compelled to put in at Messina, and remained there some 36 hours, which, of course, accounted for her not being in Paris until Sunday. It is understood that she is charmed with her excursion, and though she very wisely refused to accept valuable presents from either the Sultan or his disobedient Viceroy (thereby preventing the "Irreconcilables" from evil speaking), none the less deeply touched at her splendid reception both at Constantinople and in Egypt. Her Majesty and suite look remarkably well, though, of course, rather embrowned by the rays of the sun and the continual exposure to the air, and will doubtless treasure a lively recollection of their voyage, which to the Empress at least, will be all the more pleasant that on her return from it she finds her august spouse looking so well and in such good spirits. It is the general remark that for years the Emperor has not looked so well and so cheerful as he does now. In default of receptions, which the Empress's absence has caused not to be yet begun in the *grand monde*, we have had cause for gossip, if not for amusement, in the prosecution of the different duellists who of late have been so busy with sword and pistol. M. Esnault Peltrie, who wounded one M. Escalier, jun., at Vincennes, some time since, and whose opponent, at one time, was not expected to recover, has been sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment, and the seconds to a fortnight of the same. M. Frederic de Beaumont, for wounding M. de Magny, has been sentenced to a fortnight's forced seclusion, and the seconds to a week. Both M. de Beaumont and his adversary are in the diplomatic service, and their duel was one of the three in which Prince Metternich, M. de Hallez-Claparede and the latter were wounded by M. de Beaumont and his brother, Count Robert, whose trial is postponed for a short time. Baron Mallortie has been sentenced to two months' imprisonment for his encounter with M. de la Poëze, which arose from a quarrel between them at a reception of one of the ladies of the half-world. The Baron, however, has escaped from Paris, and his punishment is, at least, postponed. I hear that M. de la Poëze will have to answer for his duel with Mr. Reginald Russell at Chantilly, in the summer; so you will see that the authorities are determined to put a stop to a practice which was daily becoming more general, and which reminded one of the times when it was necessary to have fought at least one duel to entitle one to admittance into society. The late proceedings will, however, put a check on this habit, and well that it should be so, for though duelling may in certain cases be useful, perhaps even necessary, it should be always kept as a *dernier ressort*, and not made use of for trumpery disputes at the *Maison d'or*, or for a literary home thrust in return for a like lunge.

While speaking of the law, I may mention that the trial of Traupmann is not likely to take place before the end of the month or the first fortnight in January. They say that he hoped to escape from prison by passing himself off as dead, an idea probably derived by him from Monte Cristo. His keeper discovering this, cured him of this project by casually remarking, "the prisoner next to you is dead and the doctor is come to make a post-mortem examination of his body." "Oh! replied Traupmann, "I didn't know that was done with accused and yet untried prisoners." The gaoler told him it always took place immediately after death. On this Traupmann at once fell into a profound reverie, and shortly after made the disclosures which led to the discovery of Jean Kinck's body, which has been interred and not brought to Paris, as originally contemplated. I believe poison has been found in the stomach, and that the phial it was administered in has been recognised as belonging to the accused. There will be a great run on such papers as the *Figaro* and the *Petit Journal* during the trial, and anyone who ordered a large supply of them in London would, doubtless, sell them at a large profit. One of the last of the heroes of the First Empire has passed away at the age of fourscore years and one, in the person of M. Ollivier (no relation of M. Emile), who died at Maisons Alfort of old age. As a lieutenant of engineers he went through the campaigns of the Peninsula and France, and was one of the bravest soldiers who ever wielded a sword. Few are left to tell of the glories which the battalions of France gained in the first decade of the present, and of those few, one of the bravest and most honoured has sunk to his rest. Light lay the turf,o'er the veteran's hoary head; and would to heaven that all soliers combined the courage of the lion with the gentleness and simpleness of a child as did the brave old colonel who will wake no more to sound of drum or blast of trumpet in the land which he served so well.

A very sad story obtains credence as to what occurred some evenings since at a dinner given by a high personage here. His wife, who is slightly affected in her reason, though not dangerously so, but merely seized with fits of deep melancholy, was present. Soon after dinner had been served, her husband said, in a loud tone, to the gentleman sitting beside her, "You are aware that Madame —— is mad, so you must not pay any attention to what she says." Very unpleasant for the gentleman, who didn't know what to say. The host, during dinner was very marked in his polite attentions to the lady on his right. After dinner, before the company rose from the table, his fair neighbour lifted her hand to his lips, and he imprinted on it a kiss, which resounded through the room. The host's wife, who had not opened her lips throughout the dinner, fell into a fainting fit; and when she recovered from it she had evidently passed from the stage of incipient madness to that of absolute idiotcy. The dinner finished far less gaily than it had begun.

The theatres here are giving nothing very new. *Frou-Frou* continues to draw large houses; and at the Italiens Mdlle. Sessi, as I predicted some weeks since, has achieved an immense success. Poor Grisi's remains were interred quietly amongst those of her daughters who are dead, in the family vault at Père la Chaise. I hear that the Emperor intends to entirely change the present arrangements of the Theatre Francais, and to create two instead of one—the first for the performance of classic pieces and acknowledged *chefs d'œuvres*, the second for modern and lighter pieces.

Paris is beginning to fill with visitors returning from the East, and those who are bound southward for the winter; so the hearts of the hotel keepers, restaurateurs, *et hoc genus omne*, are beginning to leap for joy at the prospect of their victims.

THE GRUMBLERS.

Grumble! Yes, I should rather think so, and wonder who on earth would not grumble, compelled to live in such a climate as this. Temperature you call it, do you? I don't! Why, three weeks ago under-waistcoats were as useless as bear-skins at Zanzibar, while to-day all the furs of the Czar would hardly suffice to keep one from chilblains. Weather for one's own fire-side. What do you mean by fire-side? By the side of one's fire-place, I suppose—for as to fires, who on earth can have them with coals at such a price that a skuttle full must be kept in one's room to be looked at as a geographical curiosity and ornaments, not burnt. Bah! don't talk to me of Paris—if it did snow there for three days, depend upon it they had blue sky afterwards, and the snow, at all events, didn't remain unremoved from the streets for three weeks, until the whole City was alternately slippery as an Icelandic lake, or sloppily filthy like an Irish pig-stye. The snow ought immediately to be swept away? Why, of course it ought; but it never is. Expensive and difficult the collecting and carting it away—the first it may be, but the second is absurd. Why, there are thousands of poor, starving creatures in every parish who would be only too glad to be employed on the job. Fault of the Poor Boards and Vestries—of course it is—and so long as Poor Boards and Vestries have the management, or rather mismanagement, of such matters, the streets must be filthy. Roads are fine, at any rate, are they? I suppose you've

crossed over Waterloo-place, or Portland-place six weeks after they have been what they call mending them. Well, you have—and so have I—and the old petrified-kidney pavement of Birmingham was like walking on an Axminster pile, compared to it. That the upper leathers of any inhabitant of London is uncracked or uncut, is to me a marvel; or, that a single vehicle in the town has its springs unbroken, is a miracle. Manage it better in France—I should think they do—or rather have done for years past. How? Why, with the simplest and easiest of all contrivances, a "*concasser*" or steam roller. The streets or roads are macadamised this afternoon, rolled to-night, and to-morrow morning you might play at Croquet or American bowls on them, and here—but bah! You might just as well tell me we had no public conveyance, except by railway carriages, to ride in. Hansoms—I thought you would say so? Yes, the patent safety—which it is patent to all the world that the chances are 6 to 1 you break the bridge of your nose over the splash-board, or even betting you never leaved it without the crown of your hat being done for. Four wheeler—what, the growler?—yet that might be something, but is it?—with its filthly lining—rickety doors, jingling, wringing, ear-splitting loose window-glasses and frames—and soaking, soppy mats. It is difficult to say which is is the worst, the whole miserable conveyance, horse included, or the imputent ignorance and brutality of the drivers, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. The animals yes, that is a nice thing—do you ever wear varnished boots?—have you ever been rash enough to ride, say from Holborn to Bayswater to dinner, and mounting the stair's of your hosts hospitable house, found straw about your heels as plentiful as those in an Ophelia's hair in a provincial theatre, or bits of hay all over them thick as leaves in Vallambrosa. The police ought to look to it. Rubbish—the police, ought to look to themselves, or rather be looked after a little more sharply. Well organised, civil set of men? Ah! are they? Have you ever been down Blank-street, say at one in the morning, just when the final public closing is going on. You have! Yes, of course you have. But I will tell you what you have not—why, often heard worse language than I have addressed by some foul-mouthed Jack-in-office to some poor unfortunate unoffendingly lingering on the kerb-stone—not injuring nor annoying anyone, and very likely waiting for a 'bus. Then, about the closing of the publics, &c. Does any lawyer or magistrate know what is the law? Why, read the papers. You always do? Well, then, you must have seen that even the clever magistrate at one office thinks one thing, and the clever magistrate at another office thinks another thing; and so it goes on. Law why of course there is no understanding the law! How can any human being understand what is not understandable? Code! Of course we ought to have a code; but we haven't, and what is more, not likely to, for the present. Bankruptcy altered, at all events? Well, you mean imprisonment for debt done away with; and so it should have been ages ago.

Yes——, there was a time,
When poverty was held a crime,
But ne'er again, thank goodness, will you see,
A child immured to pay a lawyer's fee—
No more shall honest men be sent to quod,
But only those who play at Tommy Dodd.

CHARADE.

THE knight strode forth from his castle gate,
A frown on his manly brow,
For he had been "going it" rather of late;
And when to his spouse he had ventured to state
That for supper with him she had better not wait
There had been a bit of a row.

2.

My *first* was standing beside his rein,
And, viewing his master's scowl,
From grinning outright he could not refrain,
Till a sounding box on the ear with pain
Made him wake the echoes again and again
With an unmelodious howl.

3.

On a sunny bank, on the verdant lawn,
In the forest glade, you've my *second* crossed;
Till the sun sinks down, from the early dawn,
They toil to provide 'gainst the winter's frost.

4.

A slimy fog that hovers over all,
And drapes the city in a murky pall,
Spreads through the streets; a drizzling rain descends,
And to the scene still more discomfort lends.
"Far as the eye can roam" (about ten yards)
A mob is seen, kept back by trusty guards.
Limp, grimy banners sadly droop on high
(Like laundresses' insignia hung to dry).
Hark! semi-muffled by the clammy air,
The sounds of shouting and the trumpets' blare!
Nearer they come! and now a gorgeous crew
Their way most piteously the mud pick through.
A motley host, as well as one can see,
Is passing by in fancied majesty.
Such is my *whole*—and, it must be confessed,
It is a costly, foolish thing at best.

THE MAN AT MUDIE'S.

HITHERTO.

THE authoress of "The Gayworthys" has given us another of her simple, homelike stories, which it is hardly possible to criticise. It is as if a friend sat down by your side to tell you an experience of life. It would not occur to you to ask if the incidents related to you were natural or possible, or if the language in which they were clothed were clever or grammatical. It is a story that it is interesting to the teller to tell and to the hearer to hear, and that is all. There are two narrators of "The Story of Yesterdays," the heroine herself, and "a voice which tells," for no one can altogether be a true and sufficient interpreter of his or her own story. There must be a combining agency; some outsider must gather together the fragments of the whole, and bind them up. "That which wrought in thoughts and heart-throbs without words, which took form in unnoticed, unobtrusive acts, whose truest pathos was hidden under common-place, must be rescued by some undeclared knowledge or insight, and translated, as best it may be, into words. It will only be a translation after all. None can repeat these things as they truly write themselves, all around us in the originals. Outside circumstances also; the bearing down and closing in of all that shapes and alters, intermingles with, and concerns; these must round out and perfect the meaning, and interpret for our behoof. Stories outside of stories and beside them—that is the way the world is woven together."

In these words the authoress explains in what manner her yesterdays are to be chronicled, and we think no reader will get through them without interest, we had almost said without improvement, did we not fear that we might scare such true lovers of romance as hold it heresy to dream the two could by any possibility be combined.

In the first pages of the book the orphan Anstiss tells us that she "lived with Uncle Royle," and that "Aunt Ildy took charge of her."

She explains—"what was really unusual in my lot—what would have been at least pathetic with any other—seemed to me the most prosaic and commonplace of all. To have had a father and a mother, and a home—that would have been the really poetical thing. I meant poetry, I longed and yearned for it."

And this is the pith of the story which she has to tell, but she did not find out till she had nearly spoilt her own life, and one still worthier—what true poetry really is.

"Aunt Ildy" is described as one of those old-fashioned directors of youth who consider encouragement a phase of weakness, and praise a positive fosterer of vanity and every other evil. She had "charge" of the child, and therefore considered it to be her duty to prevent her from having her want or way in anything. She truly felt that she did her duty in this way; she had no patience for faults—no compassion for failures. She never even gave credit for a desire to improve, but would summarily class such endeavours under the name of "whims," until the pupil really wondered "what the real world and devil-proof goodness was made of; what it was that happened to people who were truly converted."

Such an education would have resulted in the formation of a hypocrite, but luckily the little "Anstiss" became surrounded with softer influences. Her first visit to Broadfield's farm, the motherly kindness of Mrs. Hathaway, the fond protection of Richard—are very prettily described. They found out what the child wanted; they thought in their sweet, comfortable heart-language—"She wants somebody right off now to make a pleasantness round her. That's what people can no for each other. She don't seem to get any child-comfort. She's never been taken up in anybody's lap. Miss Chism won't cosset anything; she says it gives kittens fits. That settles the matter, I suppose, for all creation."

And now "a good time" came for "Anstiss." She found Mrs. Hathaway—she found Richard—that one true love which was to protect and to gild the whole of her future days, so that it became a habit in her life if she had a pain or a want or a fear, that she thought of him—"She knew always he would have been so sure to pity if he could, to help if he could;" and she found Hope Devine one of the most beautiful and poetic characters the pen of novelist has ever attempted to produce. A few words paint her partially, but the whole story of her unsullied life, her freshness of feeling, her simpleness, her serenity, her strength, must be read before any true picture can be got of her. "'Hope' grew just as the plants grow; she sent out her rootlets, and she unfolded the fresh leaves of her own beautiful life, and from earth and air there came to her continually the feeling and the influences she needed. Knowledges gathered themselves to her; she came across them. 'Everything put her in mind'; the most beautiful things were hers beforehand; she knew them instantly by sight; by sweet elective affinities she made herself a dweller in the best, without need of deliberate purposeful effort of culture, or far painstaking search."

We will give a short conversation between her and Anstiss, and then leave the reader to the book itself, from a perusal of which it will be his own fault if he does not rise a better and a wiser man.

"I have come here to get away and to have rest," said Anstiss.

"Well, we'll rest you. That is the best thing. It's good to put a bother away over night; it all straightens out in the morning."

"I wish I belonged here, or at the Copes, anywhere where I could just be. Then I suppose I should live my life, whatever it was. But Aunt Ildy pokes at my roots so."

"People can't do, after all, anything except what they're set to. Make it out, I mean, unless it is meant. It's the transplanting that is to come next, maybe for you, and then you see you'll flourish." Hope did not begin to say this until she had waited, in a half-troubled silence, for a minute or two. Then it came, and she brightened up and gave it right out in her own peculiar quick fashion; quite sure of it as if she had thought it over long ago, and proved it by a full experience. She ended with a little jubilance, and her face turned up at Anstiss suddenly, with a light in it like an extacy of promise.

"Your face is like a sky full of stars, when you look so," said Anstiss. Hope laughed.

"That's poetry," said she.

"You made it, if it is," said Anstiss.

"Well, perhaps," Hope rejoined merrily. "It don't take much to make poetry, after all. Why, everything is poetry!"

"Blank verse, a good deal of it," the other answered, falling back into her weary way.

"Blank verse?"

"Yes; the verse without a rhyme; long heavy lines just doled out in a measure, and every one beginning with a capital letter, just to make you catch your breath and think you're going to begin again."

"Why, that's like Paradise Lost. That's what the hero stories are told in."

"I'm afraid I'm not heroic," said Anstiss; "and I'd as lief my life would'nt try to be an epic."

"Anstiss, dear, I'd read it and make it grand, whatever it is. I would'nt skip either. It all belongs; and the coming out will be splendid. It always is, you know."

"I don't know! Half the time they're all killed off at the end, aren't they?"

"Well?" said Hope in her very cheeriest tone.

"Well?" repeated Anstiss, half angrily.

"Then you do begin again, don't you? And then——" a sort of glorious earnestness came into her shining eyes—"there's the hero story—finished."

Hitherto. By Mrs. A. T. Whitney, author of *Faith Gartney's Girlhood, The Gayworthys, &c.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MONOMANIA.—We can only tell you, in a general way that they are of the most MAGNIFICENT description.

WELLESLEY.—We *place* the first three: but only the first gains the Blue Ribbon.

CALVES HEAD.—We veal for you. We cannot, however, help you at present to the sweetbread of industry.

QUAK-QUAK.—A Bombay duck should be roasted, stuffed, and eaten with green peas. There is not much of him, but what there is is very good.

LOST LOVE.—We do not mind engaging you on the terms you name, but you must find yourself.

THE DERBY.—"Stanley, by Knowsley," would certainly suit the eternal fitness of things, but we don't fancy him much. We will tell you (privately) the absolute winner on the 2nd June next.

PRIZE RHYMES.

Competition papers received from:—Young Cogs, Fiat Justitia, Œdipus, Will-o'-the-Wisp, Captain Squiggs, J. L. P., Impromptu, Schoolboy, Mincemeat, Hudson Bay, Boleno, Chevy Chase, Monomania, Waverly, Cantuar, Miser's Ghost, Dulce, Forsau, Knife, Cowley, Ass, Clunch, Minnie, K. F. T. W., Chota Dussera, Mr. Bunch.

We omitted last week to acknowledge the receipt of Competition papers from Treasurer, Adipus, Schoolboy, Rowcina, Uncle Barkins, Chota Dussera, and Triple Harp.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

On Saturday, the 25th inst., a COLOURED CARTOON *will be issued with each number of the impression.*

The Man About Town.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1869.

SNOW may fail us, the Skating Club may be in despair, Mr. Grove may be kicking his heels in the bitterness of his soul, we may not even be asked to a family gathering, and have caught no glimpse of either holly or misletoe from autumn to spring. But there will be two never-failing signs of the times to assure us that Christmas is nigh, that the hateful scrape, scrape of the shovel is impending, that the relentless waits, thirsting for our blood, are preparing their instruments of torture. The Cattle Show and the Westminster Play continue yea after year to raise their horned and honoured heads, as safe an indication of pudding-stirring times as the civility of the Paris *concierge*, or the new-born activity of the London postman. A Cockney's Christmas without a sight of His Serene Steakiness in solid strata, *piqué* with holly, might be Easter, even if it were possible, Wester. For myself I should certainly think the Calendar had gone mad or grown one-eyed if I missed the usual chaste and classical account in my "Daily" of the Andria, Eunuchus, or Trinummus.

As to the first of these displays, I cannot say quite share the enthusiasm of the great multitude which chokes the turnstiles and drives the prize-winners to frenzy at Islington. The sight of apoplectic beef and mutton is not to me agreeable, nor can I think that the agonies endured in reaching the best beast in the show is at all compensated by the happiness of smiting that patient creature under the fifth rib. Take away the neat, expressive head and mild, intelligent eye of a Devon or shorthorn, and I can see nothing in the rectangular mass of beef which remains to excite my admiration. The artistic system of shearing now in vogue, which makes one sheep the image of his mother, father, grandfather, niece, or best friend, entirely prevents the exercise of my critical faculties in estimating the relative merits of Southdown, Leicester, and Cotswold. Pigs are, even in their normal state, my abhorrence; and are, when reduced—no expanded—to the wicked condition fitting them for prize-winners, one degree more hateful than when lean, long-legged, and fierce, they prosecute their unhallowed researches in a state of nature. The best exhibit in the Agricultural Hall at this moment is that provided by Messrs. Spiers and Pond, the excellence of whose eatables, drinkables, and loveables, "go," as the *Telegraph* sweetly puts it, "without saying," but without *paying*, as you will find if you attempt to secrete a sausage roll or conceal a dozen ham sandwiches in the crown of your hat. But the food is not dear, though the dispenser is; and, as aforesaid, if any idle man desire to pass a happy day at the Cattle Show, he cannot do better than proceed straight to the refreshment department, and remain there until it is time to go home.

Although not brought up at Vestminster, like Mr. Hodgman, not having even resided there, like the Ratcatcher's Daughter (or her husband, which was it ?) I entertain a profound respect for that venerable seat of learning, and consider a visit to its quaint dormitory, once in a lifetime, essential to every person of any metropolitan station. But I must say I count the dramatic representation provided yearly by the scholars about the dreariest entertainment ever submitted to the public. The wearisome adaptations of P. T. Afer and M. A. Plautus, Esquires, their bold "plots," and their jests, beget in me a profound melancholy. I could never find anything in the comic masterpieces of these noble Romans to excite the slightest merriment, and it always occurred to me that of those who obediently followed the lead of the solemn *chef-claqueur* not half knew what they were applauding. A learned contemporary suggests that visitors to this funeral entertainment are by no means inclined to be hypercritical. It strikes me the statement would not hold good were the *per* to be changed into *po*. I have seen people whom I knew to be guiltless of scholarship as our own ædile absolutely writhe with enjoyment of some watery joke which the head master's cue alone had informed them was to be laughed at. I should like to hear him construe a page of Nepos—the Nepostor!

The Middlesex bench of magistrates, or rather Sir William Bodkin and Mr. Knox are still at issue as to the interpretation of what is, perhaps, the clearest section ever imbedded in an act of Parliament. Tho (ladies and children are requested to withdraw) harbouring of prostitutes is surely not an ambiguous phrase. It may be assumed, without any violation of the principles of common sense or Christian charity that any landlord who "knowingly suffers prostitutes to assemble at, or continue in or upon his premises," plays into the hands of the filly by Stockwell out of Bribery. No one except Sir W. Bodkin can, I imagine, believe that the division of light horse which is permitted to assemble in the refreshment rooms in the "Market" is convened for the purpose of discussing Fixity of Tenure, or the probable subjects of deliberation in the Œcumenical Council. The object sought by these petty *pécheuses* (and *pécheresses*) is man. No one would willingly deprive the most wretched class of people on earth of the power of recruiting itself, especially on cold nights, though it may be questioned whether the privilege of restauration which generally takes the form of juniper be not a cruel one to record indiscriminately. But if "flats" were not to be picked up as well as the three or six (the days of H. K. Browne being well nigh fled) the occupation of gentlemen like M. Dovanos would be gone. Sir W. Bodkin leans, no doubt, on the side of humanity, as he believes; but one would have expected so sharp a practitioner to be more "thorough." Knox looks, not unnaturally, at the dark side of things, and is not at all the kind of Knox to be let in. Let us hope that Bodkin will soon be a thorn in the side of its Rose, and that Nox will soon be rendered less hideous by the loss of its Kaye.

London Lyrics.

No. XI.

MARRIAGE A LA MODE.

YES, lady, I heard of your marriage—
Who heard of it sooner than I?
And I saw you get into your carriage,
And proudly your horses pranced by.
And I marked, too, the white orange blossom,
The splendour of your bridal veil,
As it fell o'er your satin-clad bosom—
But why were your bride cheeks so pale?

And why, when you stood at the altar
(I was there, though you deemed me away)
Did your voice tremble and falter
At the words it was your part to say?
You had asked the full price of your beauty—
You gained it—what more to desire?
You disposed of your love and your duty,
As you wished, to the wealthiest buyer.

You glory in wealth and high station,
A coronet shadows your brow;
From your new peers you gain an ovation,
Your ambition is satisfied now.
The pleasures of life lie before you,
The sorrows are left far behind,
The leaders of fashion adore you,
Society swears to be kind.

True, once you had looked upon me with
The light of a passionate eye,
But times will change, and now you see with
A glance there is something awry.
Or else you at first were mistaken,
And I was too humble and low;
A higher view now you have taken,
And all your full value you know.

Why waste the full bloom of the flower?
You reasoned—why flourish obscure?
Love is only the joy of an hour;
Rank, riches, and homage endure.
'Tis sweet to be honoured and flattered,
To be praised by an envious world;
'Tis sad to be weary and shattered
On waves of a rougher life hurled.

So thought you; and each small love token
I gave you was cast to the wind!
You recanted the vows you had spoken—
What vows a fair woman can bind?
You thought that your excellent reason
Must needs have its due weight with me;
You sped for the gay London season,
And bid me be happy and free!

At the altar, then, lady, I pray you,
Why looked you so sad and so chill?
And why seemed your voice to betray you
When striving to murmur "*I will*"?
What reason for you to dissemble?
And why was your soft cheek so pale?
And why did the bridal wreath tremble,
And a tear trickle down your veil?

Ah, haply the past came before you,
The what *was*, the what *might* have been!
The summer eve when first I saw you,
The old home, the old village green;
E'er the world's fascinations had caught you,
And wooed you to enter its maze;
E'er fashion had pleasantly taught you
To mould yourself into its ways.

Yes, life has its lilies and roses,
And sparkling and bright is its morn,
But aye, with the richest of posies,
Believe me, there mingles a thorn.
The morning may pass by unclouded,
But the azure is veiled all too soon;
You will own it when sorrow has shrouded
The unfulfilled promise of noon.

You shall hear when the rain-drops are falling,
And storm winds are howling above,
The sound of a voice that is calling
Your withered heart back to first love.
What matters it? noble your marriage,
A coronet shadows your brow;
Sweet lady, pass on in your carriage,
Nor notice your first lover's bow.

THE KITE.

I once was by a naughty boy
Induced to fly a kite,
And when I'd made a tail to it,
He said it would be right.

It might be right for him, alas!
But wrong it proved to me—
And oh! how bad that naughty boy's
Behaviour unto me.

How we ran here—how we ran there,
That naughty boy and I,
To try by every means we could
To get our kite to fly.

At length we flew it far away,
And oh! what joy and glee
'Twas, when it got right out of sight,
To that naughty boy and me.

At last that kite fell to the ground—
In vain I looked around,
For when I sought that naughty boy,
He nowhere could be found.

The string got all entangled,
And oh! what grief I had—
To wind it up and fit it in;
That naughty boy *was* bad.

MORAL.

Ne'er be induced to fly a kite,
Whate'er another says,
For he'll run away, like that naughty boy,
And you'll be the one wot pays.

THE MAN IN THE STALLS.

Wait for the End is an ominous title for a four-act drama, and Mr. Burnand was quite right, after adapting Mr. Mark Lemon's novel, to Norfolk-Howardize his handiwork into *Morden Grange*. That is, at all events, an unexceptionable name. It need be a good one, as the excellence of the new play never gets beyond its title. Those who have read the interesting but involved story to which we have referred, will recollect that the intricacy of the plot interfered somewhat with both our comprehension and our enjoyment of a very well-written book. But it is "light and sweetness" to Mr. Burnand's drama. Strict attention and a wet towel would suffice to keep us fairly abreast with *Wait for the End*. We have not tried, but we are certain that we might sit in wet sheets and grow bald with intense application, and still fail to make head or tail of *Morden Grange*. We are but echoing the plaintive confession of all who have gone with stern determination to "find out what it all meant," when we state our utter inability to give an outline of the action. We do no more than justice to our painstaking comtemporary the *Telegraph*, when we say that our most coherent ideas on the subject was derived from its extremely ingenious criticism. "The man who wrote that"—to quote Sir Leicester Dedlock—"must have a well-balanced mind," also a fine digestion, perfect freedom from pecuniary pressure, an equable pulse, and a clean tongue. Such a man might grapple successfully with Bradshaw or find in it all the double acrostics in *Fun*.

Of the acting of *Morden Grange*, it is impossible to speak. In the absence of any definite intelligence as to the emotions intended to be expressed, we can neither praise nor condemn the exponents, who seemed, one and all, to be in a fine haze. The audience were in a November fog; and the author must certainly have been in the clouds, as, in obedience to a storm of hisses, he "came forward to bow his acknowledgments."

A new burlesque by Mr. W. Brough has been produced at the New Royalty Theatre with a reasonable amount of success. The subject of *The Flying Dutchman*, made famous years ago by the genius of the great Fitzball, is hardly a favourable one for burlesque treatment; but Mr. Brough and his fellow craftsmen have nearly exhausted the list of available subjects, and must pay the penalty of their industry. It is hardly necessary, moreover, to say that the original plot has been enriched by the "new hand" in various ways. The story as amended and improved may be briefly described as follows. The mysterious Dutchman is under the melancholy and occasionally embarrassing necessity of sacrificing each year a human being to the Foul Fiend, or of espousing a dreadful maritime witch, Rockalda. He has played the scrificial game successfully for several centuries, and at the opening of the piece is engaged in his annual "Life Chase." The victim he marks down is Miss Jenny Wren, niece of the gallant Admiral Trump, whom, after overcoming some slight obstacles presented by her wearing a charm, the wicked Hollander seizes and conveys to the iron-bound coast, where Rockalda is in waiting. Robin, between whom and Jenny it is hardly necessary to say there have existed certain love passages, endeavours to save his sweetheart, but in vain. *The Flying Dutchman*, like most other vile necromancers, is safe so long as a certain document—it may be a writ or a "protection"—exists, and it is only by the astuteness of Hans Breitmann, an uncommonly stout admirer of Jenny's, that the enchanter is fairly tackled. Even after this diversion, he attempts, with apparently every prospect of success, to drown the interesting pair of lovers, who are, however, once more saved by the devoted Hans. The piece, of which these form the leading incidents, is neatly written and "profusely illustrated," as the gift books say, by dance and song. Miss Oliver, Miss C. Saunders, and Messrs. Dewar and Danvers, a phalanx of burlesque talent which it would be hard to match, give the fullest point and significance to the work, vocal and choregraphic, set before them. The scenery, dresses, and *mise-en-scène* generally are tasteful and effective.

The version of *L'Auberge des Adrets*, known as *Robert Macaire*, is being played at Astley's, *vice Mazeppa* retired, Mr. Edgar sustaining the part made famous by Lemaître. Hassen, the learned monkey whose advent has been heralded by much interested curiosity, has made a most successful *debût*, his performance on the tight-rope almost equalling the wonders achieved by Boss in another line at the Holborn Amphitheatre. "Jack and the Bean Stalk" is to be the title of the Pantomime, the 29th produced under the management of Mr. E. T. Smith, which is to gladden the hearts of the youth on the "Surrey side."

A new burlesque, the work of Mr. Arthur O'Neill, replaces *Very Little Faust* at the Charing-Cross to-night. *The Yellow Dwarf*, by Mr. Byron, is the pantomime which Mr. A. Harris will produce on Boxing Night at Covent Garden, and Mr. Blanchard's annual for Drury Lane will be another *Beauty and the Beast*.

The Crystal Palace has, of course, its pantomime. Its title will be *Whittington and His Cat*, and it will be produced under the direction of Mr. E. T. Smith.

OUR PRIZE RHYMES.

PRIZE WORD No. VII.—ASSASSIN.

First—

He seized a knife, turned on the gas in
The spot where Porcus lay at rest,
Then plunged his weapon—the assassin!—
Deep in the grunter's guiltless breast.

Or, as MRS. GLASS would say, "another way"—

He locked his door, he changed his room,
Made play with hunting-crop and broom—
No good, the dog *would* pass in.
Said he, "My friend, I'll change your note,
Some night I'll cut your ——— throat."
He *did*, too, the assassin!

THE LICENSED WHITTLER.

Second—

Reminiscence of Archbishop Sibour, assassinated by Verger in the Church of St Etienne, Paris:—

A kneeling multitude, with heads low bowed,
A stately pillar'd church are hearing mass in,
No thought among that vast assembled crowd
That 'mid them lurked a cowardly assassin.

He waits the solemn train; he knew full well
His mitred victim soon would have to pass in.
A blow is struck! a bishop dying fell,
Breathing a pardon on his vile assassin.

"IN MEMORIAM."

Third—

Gin, rum, and brandy kills far more
Than any dire assassin,
Yet still it's well to keep in store
A barrel, which has Bass in.

FARMER F.

Suitable to the period—

An Irish landlord one fine night was walking on the highway,
His tenant keeping out of sight was creeping by a byeway.
The landlord formerly had sent to tell this wretched man
That tenants who can't pay the rent must move for those who can.
The tenant's answer was a shot, which hit the landlord's side;
The victim groaned, and cursed his lot—fell back, and slowly died.
The deed was done;—the tenant fled, to shun the eyes of men.
But stop!—a thought strikes him instead; he reached the road again,
And straightway to a priest confessed, asked him to say a mass in
Private, for he felt oppressed, since he had turned assassin.

CHOTA DUSSERA.

I pity the poor assassin,
Though with him I dare not condole;
But feel I must put a mass in
The Church for his lost wretched soul.

CONCORDIA.

f a quiet life you lead,
And of dainties have no need;
If far away from noise and riot
You wish to dwell in peace and quiet,
Then to the far off prairie flee,
And a mighty hunter be.
But, oh! beware the red assassin,
Clad in skins and soft mocassin,
Who stealthily by night creeps in,
And from your head whips off the skin.
If you're not more than once or twice
Scalped, grateful be for this advice.

TRIPLE HARP.

Beneath the dark pine forest shade,
One hand upon his rifle laid,
The Indian hunter dreaming
Pursues the prarie buffalo,
The red deer and the bounding roe,
Where o'er yon distant mountain's brow
The northern lights are gleaming.

Prone through the bush the red skins glide,
Wampum and feathers laid aside,
Beads, paint, and gay mocassin.
So stealthily upon their prey,
Nor leaf nor twig their steps betray,
Faintest alarm can raise, or stay
The knife of the assassin.

MOHAWK.

Behind the door, with naked sword,
He stood like an assassin,
And since I could not give the word
He would not let me pass in.

J. L. P.

Condemned to death as an assassin
Was he, though innocent—and why?
To save his friend, but all, alas! in
Vain, for both were led out to die.

SILLY SUFFOLK.

You dress divinely, Fanny dear,
And smile your radiant glass in,
But sweet and meek as you appear,
You are my heart's assassin.

FRATER.

A maid and her ass, it happened one day,
Fell into a pit by the side of the way.
"Oh, here is a lass in!
"Oh, here is an ass in!
"This pit (she cried), help us! oh, help us, I pray!
"The man who refuses, or e'en would delay,
"Is heartless and cruel—or worse, I may say,
"Than any cold-blooded assassin."

ZENO.

"Go softly" (to Macbeth thus spake his wife);
"He sleeps: the fire is out—I've left his gas in."
Macbeth unsheathed his dagger, and the knife
There, in the deep night gleaming, clear as glass in,
Gave back the demon features to the life,
The ghastly reflex of the king-assassin!

LEBAS.

In a wretched hut with a ricketty roof,
And windows without any glass in,
Stealthily waiting his victim's approach
Crouches the vile assassin.

Merrily wending his homeward way,
Driving a cart with an ass in,
Comes a countryman gaily singing along,
Not dreaming of any assassin.

A storm comes on as he nears the hut,
And for shelter intending to pass in;
He approached the threshhold, only to fall,
Struck down by his wicked assassin.
NULLIUS IN VERBA.

I'm collector of old curiosities,
Jewels, images, pictures, and fans,
Pickled babies and other monstrosities,
Serpents, scalps, arrows, guns, warming-pans,
I've the very same glass Noah shaved in,
Shylock's knife, and Columbus's egg,
A lock of the hair Lear raved in,
And a cast of Andromeda's leg,
The knife of French Herry's assassin,
Of Janns's Temple the door,
The vestments the Pope has said mass in,
Byron's secret, and fifty things more.
NIMBUS.

PRIZE WORD No. VIII.—MONTH.

☞ The prizes will be open to general competition among all comers, upon the following conditions:—The rhymes must be fair and honest, with no admixture of cockneyism, Yankeeism, or vulgarism of any sort. They must be framed in a couplet or stanza, which shall be constructed with due regard to the laws of grammar and prosody, and present some approach to a meaning.

*** All the competing papers must be anonymous, but each distinguished by some initial or epigraph which the winner should reproduce when claiming his prize to prove his title thereto.

Papers must be sent so as to reach the *M. A. T.* Office not later than Thursday noon.

The Sporting Man.

THE TURF.

CROYDON, like all meetings that have been once postponed, suffered in consequence, and two more miserable days' sport than those of Monday and Tuesday it is difficult to conceive. The attendance both within and without the magic circle was poor in the extreme, and I should imagine that even with the pull of an extra day the management must have made a poor harvest of shillings in comparison with previous years. On Monday, for the five events, including a match, which came to anything, only 18 horses started, and on Tuesday, in a like number of races, 25, the principal item, the Cup, being walked over for by Gardener.

In the first race on Monday, which was won by Goodfellow, the whole of the five runners went on the wrong side of a flag, and had to retrace their steps—a curious blunder to make in so small a field, and which was repeated even more unaccountably in the Grand Steeplechase. For this race only four started. Pearl Diver having hurt his leg in the morning, and Brick and Globule being struck out in the afternoon, probably because Mr. Morgan had been unable to get his money on.

In addition to this, Snowstorm and others had gone home when the frost set in, so that Chevy Chase, Gardener, Scarrington, and Colours were left to fight it out. Mr. Brayley's useful son of Chanticleer was elected favourite with a slight call of Gardener, whose owner was not present to see him perform, Scarrington being backed for a little at 100 to 30, and Colours touched on at 5 to 1. Chevy Chase won by 200 yards, thanks to Gardener and Scarrington going the wrong side of a flag, as I said above, and as he pulled up lame, and the other two were ahead of him at the last jump where the error occurred, Mr. Brayley may be pronounced as usual very lucky, for, in addition to getting the benefit of this *contretemps*, it is not often an owner has a second string to fall back on when his chosen one comes to grief so unexpectedly. As he backed his lot for some money soon after the weights appeared, he must have found his expedition to Croydon very profitable, the more so as Moose and Lisetto helped to mount his winning score. In the Maiden Steeplechase, Lord Powlett's half-brother to Delight (Droxford) upset a hot favourite of Mr. Morgan's, who, however, claims the race, on the ground that Droxford won a stake of more than £20 at Bromley some time since. *Qui vivra, verra!*

On Tuesday, the sport was even less enticing than on Monday, and the Handicap Hurdle race alone produced anything like a field indeed, 14 started for this race alone, leaving only 11 for the other four events. In the above Aerolite, who had been talked of all last week as the great good thing of the meeting, was allowed to start and win at the productive odds of 100 to 8, La Sorrentina, who with Bliss started favourite finishing second, and Head Centre, who is likely to be a useful acquisition to Lord Poulett, being third. When I add that Wild Blood beat a field of two, one of whom refused at the first fence in the Selling Hurdle Race, and that M. M. Morgan and Brayley had each a turn in two other items, all has been said that is worth the trouble (perhaps more) of the Croydon Autumn Meeting of '69, for Gardener's unopposed victory in the Cup can neither add to or diminish from his victory. These are early days to talk about "The Liverpool," but I cannot help a hint that Captain Machell's horse and last year's winner are likely to repay for taking note of, if not odds about.

Monday was also the day fixed for the sale of Col. Astley's horses, and many was the feeling of regret among the wellwishers of the Turf, that it was likely to lose so good a patron. As out of the 31 lots only three were unsold, and that owing to there being no bids for them in two cases, while in the third, Elsham's heavy engagements choked buyers off, it is to be feared that there is no chance of Col Astley changing his mind, and that we shall see no more, for a time at least, the familiar straw jacket which the "great" Fordham (pardon me, O! Vance) had so often donned. With the exception of Actea, I can call to mind no animal of "The Mate's,"—as his intimates called him—which ever won him a good race, and she was a bad one at her best. I think his sale was a very good one, considering the material, and 500 guineas for Provider, 360 for Winchelsea, 330 for Young Fenton, 300 for Workman, and 250 for Wrestler, may be considered capital prices as times go, and above all, in the first week of December. Mr. Weatherby purchased Provider and Workman, for whom I did not hear, but most likely for the foreigners, Stephanotis returns to her original quarters at Heath House; and, as she will probably be prevented from fulfilling any of her engagements next year, owing to financial reasons, which the Calendar will, ere long, allude to, she can be no bargain at 300 guineas, the more so that her autumn form was very inferior to what her early youth had led us to anticipate. Scarboro', like most of the Lambtons, will probably be no better at three than she was at two years old; but as he is engaged in several races where comparisons become odious, he may repay the sagacious Mr. Angell his 200 guineas down, and the like sum of forfeits, which he will have to pay, as the season of '70 rolls along. The Admiral, your readers will be glad to hear, is doing as well as can be expected; and it is to be hoped that he will soon be again at the helm of his good ship, for if we were to lose him where would a handicapper be found? Lord Portsmouth would be an excellent selection, but would he accept the onerous post? The above remark applies to General Peel, and after them the only two names I can think of are Lord G. Manners and Mr. Lowther; but I trust it may yet be many years ere we have to think of finding a successor to Admiral Rous. By the bye, he would signalise his recovery most pleasantly if he would inaugurate, or at least propose, a reform which, in the heat of the discussion of more exciting and more temporal questions of turf policy, has been lost sight of, or at least passed over, and which, as it appears to my humble judgment, could not be opposed by any one with the slightest show of reason. I allude to the naming of horses. Now that poor Lord Glasgow, who had such a horror of christening his horses, is gone, the last plea for upholding the present system has been swept away. Allowing horses to run or even enter unnamed, and the same name to be repeated year after year, has been one of the greatest "little" annoyances to all racing men. Let the Admiral propose the following rules at the next meeting of the Jockey Club, and no one would say him nay:—1st, that no horse should be allowed to enter or to run for any race until he has received a name; 2nd, that any person naming his horse or horses should send a list of the proposed name or names to Messrs. Weatherby, who should inform him if any of the names he proposed giving had been previously used, in which case he should be compelled to select others. The choice of names is almost boundless; but if owners of horses are not to be credited with a great fertility of imagination, the second rule I have sketched out might be modified so to allow a name to be repeated after ten, fifteen, or twenty years, as the case might be. I make this suggestion for what it is worth, and hope that others, more influential than myself, will take it up. I could hardly fancy, when I arrived on the course at Kingsbury on Wednesday, and invested sixpence in a *programme des courses*, and found a Flying Stakes, a Nursery and a Juvenile Plate among the list of dishes, that we were well into December; and it took me some time to shake off the idea that I had been sleeping off the winter since Warwick, and had woke up to find myself in the middle of the racing season to come. The elements certainly have dealt more kindly with Mr. Topham and Mr. Warner than with the Croydon management, to which latter body the clerk of the weather has perhaps administered a rebuke for allowing the buffoon of the sporting press to become their fulsome adulator and fugleman. The sport was really good at Kingsbury on Wednesday for the six races out of the seven which came off (the seventh did not fill), and large fields and close finishes were the order of the day. In the Flying Stakes, My Uncle, brought all the way from Yorkshire, by a neck defeated two great favourites in Emerald and The Skipper, who, in the order named, finished second and third, with only a head between them and My Uncle, thus finishing the season better than The Sawyer commenced it. Anarchy won both the Kingsbury Nursery and the Juvenile Plate, and in each case, strangely enough, Aeronaut finished second to him, Simplon, who had been the universal pick of the prophets for these two events, not being pulled out in either. The Hendon Handicap was won by a head from Ligurian by Avoncourt, though, had the former's jockey not lost his head in a most unaccountable manner, he must have won by lengths incalculable. Hints of foul play were neither few nor far between; but my impression is, it was simply a piece of bad riding, which we happily don't often meet with. In this race the late "Derby horse," Tasman, ran, and, though rather heavily backed, was never in the hunt, Nightjar, a cast off of Lord Falmouth's, finishing fourth. Peckwater won the Selling Plate, and scored Oxford—his third win during the day; while Bianca wound up the day's sport by securing the Fishery Plate, which sent the general body of backers very empty away, four out of the six races being carried off by outsiders.

The sport on Thursday at Kingsbury, was witnessed by a much larger company than on the first day, but a very thick fog prevented much of the racing being seen, and the accident to Mr. Poole, on Yanina, who fell in the Selling Hurdle Race, after cannoning against a mounted "peeler," threw an additional gloom over the proceedings. The racing too, was not so good in itself, nor the fields so large, yet the gentlemen seemed unable to pick the winners out better than they did on Wednesday, much to the delight of "the scum," who must have so far had a rare turn, though what Friday's racing, at which I was not present, did to increase or diminish their ill-gotten gains, I cannot say. Greenland and Ada two great favourites in the Cup Steeplechase were beaten by Whitehall, and Slander upset a real six-to-fourer in Surney, whose owner made a treble objection to Slander, on the ground of his not having gone the right course, of his being no longer a maiden, and of his being in the forfeit list, all of which were afterwards withdrawn. In the Hurdle Race, which opened the day's sport, Red White and Blue, who seems to change hands every other week, beat David Copperfield in a canter, and did the bookmakers a further turn, while in Yanina's race. Topsy, second to Sapling at Croydon last week, won from Wild Blood by three lengths, ridden, as then, by Mr. Bambridge, who, curiously enough, rode Sapling, and won with him on this Wednesday at Croydon. Helice, after a long run of insuccess, beat a fair field in the Uxendon Steeplechase, while in the concluding event Limerick lowered My Uncle's colours, who looked a real good thing after his running on Wednesday. The glorious uncertainty of the turf!

I cannot offer any remarks on Friday's running, as I was not present, and on inquiring in Old Burlington-street yesterday morning I find that the Calendar is not obtainable until to-day, so I am in the dark as to the Bromley programme for Tuesday and Wednesday, as also of the Albemarle

Club day's sport at Croydon on Friday. This in the middle of the season would be very annoying, but no one, fortunately, will be a loser by not having for "Bromley December races" the appreciation thereon of FORECAST.

RACING AND STEEPLE-CHASE FIXTURES.

DECEMBER.

Bromley 14, 15	Finchley 27, 28
Albermarle Club.....17	Manchester 31, 1

JANUARY.

Hopgrove steeple-chases ..3	Carlisle steeple-chases ..26

FEBRUARY.

Birmingham Steeple-ch..8, 9	Baschurch Steeple-chases..25
Derby Spring 15, 16	Newton Spring.....25, 26
Harrow Spring.....17, 18	

MARCH.

Nottingham Spring 1, 2	G. Military and Rugby H. 16, 17
Liverpool Spring ..8, 9, 10	Warwick Spring..22, 23, 24
Pontefract and West Riding 14, 15	Enfield 25
Cambridgeshire.....14, 15	Epsom Spring 29, 30
Co. Down Steeple-ch...15, 16	Bromley ... .31, 1
West Somerset Steeple Chases 16, 17	Cheltenham Steeple-chases 31, 1

APRIL.

Northampton 5, 6	Kingsbury 18, 19
Southdown Hunt 6	Kildare Hunt 19, 20
Thirsk Spring 7, 8	Hambledon 22
West Drayton Spring ..7, 8	Lewes Spring 26, 27
Aldershot Steeple-chases.7, 8	Croydon Spring 28, 29
Durham.....18, 19	Rothbory 28
Newmarket Craven..18—22	

MAY.

Newmarket First Spring.2—6	Baldoyle 17, 18
Chester.....10, 11, 12, 13	Doncaster Spring....19, 20
Winchester 10, 11	Harpenden 20
Co. Louth & Ardee S.C.10, 11	Bath 24, 25
Salisbury 12, 13	Croydon First Summer ..26
Chelmsford 17, 18	Stamford 26, 27
York Spring 17, 18	Epsom Summer..31, 1, 2, 3

JUNE.

Wye 7	Newcastle-on-Tyne21, 22, 23
Manchester.....8, 9, 10	Newton Summer..22, 23, 24
Croydon 2nd Summer8, 9, 10	Hampton Summer ..23, 24
Ascot.....14, 15, 16, 17	Bibury Club 29
Windsor June 21, 22	Stockbridge 30, 1

JULY.

Carlisle July.....5, 6	Reading 12, 13
Newmarket July ..5, 6, 7, 8	W. Drayton Summer..14, 15
Sutton Park Summer ..5, 6	Knutsford.....15, 16
Worcester 7, 8	Huntingdon 19, 20
Pontefract Summer ..11, 12	Kingsbury Summer ..21, 22
Nottingham July....12, 13	Goodwood....26, 27, 28, 29

AUGUST

Brighton 2, 3	Bromley 16, 17
Tiverton 3, 4	Stockton 17, 18, 19
Brighton Club 4	Oxford 18, 19
Lewes 5, 6	York August ...23, 24, 25
Egham 9, 10	Plymouth 25, 26
Wolverhampton 9, 10	Scarborough 29, 30
Windsor August ...11, 12	Derby Summer.....30, 31
Radcliffe 12, 13	Weymouth 30, 31
Lichfield 16, 17	

SEPTEMBER.

Warwick 6, 7	Hendon.....22, 23
Abingdon 8, 9	Western Meeting, Ayr 21, 22, 23
Doncaster Sept.13, 14, 15, 16	Newmarket First Oct.27—30
Hampton Autumn ..20, 21	Lanark 29, 30
Richmond.....20, 21	

OCTOBER.

Bedford 4, 5	Newmarket 2nd Oct..10—14
Leicester 6, 7	Cheltenham Autumn...18, 19
Bromley 6, 7	Newmarket Houghton.24, 29

NOVEMBER.

Liverpool Autumn 8, 9, 10, 11	Shrewsbury14, 15, 16, 17, 18

PRINCIPAL TURF FIXTURES FOR 1870.

Liverpool Grand National (4¼) miles	Wed., March 9.
City and Suburban (1¼ miles)	Tues., March 29.
Great Metropolitan) (2¼ miles)...	Wed., March 30.
Northamptonshire Stakes (2 miles)	Tues., April 5.
Newmarket Handicap (1½ miles).....	Wed., April 20.
Two Thousand Guineas (1 mile 17 yards)	Tues., May 3.
One Thousand Guineas (7 fur. 210 yards)	Thurs., May 5.
Chester Cup (2½ miles)	Wed., May 11.
The Derby (1½ miles).....	Wed., June 1.
The Oaks (1½ miles)	Friday, June 3.
Ascot Stakes (2½ miles)	Tues., June 14.
Ascot Gold Cup (2½ miles).....	Thurs., June 16.
Goodwood Stakes (2½ miles).....	Wed., July 27.
Goodwood Cup (2½ miles)	Thurs., July 28.
Brighton Stakes (1¾ miles).....	Tues., Aug. 2.
Brighton Cup (2 miles)	Wed., Aug. 3.
Lewes Grand Handicap (2 miles)	Sat., Aug. 6.
Great Ebor Handicap (2 miles)	Wed., Aug. 24.
Great Yorkshire Stakes (1¾ miles)	Thurs. Aug. 25.
Doncaster St. Leger (1 mile 6 fur. 132 yds.)	Wed., Sept. 14.
Great Eastern Handicap (5 fur. 140 yards)	Tues., Sept. 27.
October Handicap (1 mile 2 fur. 73 yards)	Friday, Sept. 30.
Cesarewich Stakes (2 miles 2 fur. 28 yards)	Tues., Oct. 11.
Middle Park Plate (6 furlongs).....	Wed., Oct. 12.
Cambridgeshire Stakes (1 mile 240 yards).	Tues., Oct. 25.

SNIPE SHOOTING.

WITH the late hard weather to drive them inland, and the present thaw to keep them in the marshes, the snipe shooter should now be in his glory. With a brace or two of really good steady setters, one of which should retrieve if required to do so, and plenty of marsh land to roam over, he may well pass away these short winter days, that are not devoted to the chase, in pursuit of the delicate little fellows. Setters are better than pointers for the sport, because they are less affected by wet and cold, but they must be very steady, work well to hand, and keep to heel, when ordered, without trouble. One dog at a time is best, and if both he and his master know their business, and the latter is a good shot, very favourable results may be achieved. A bad shot had better not put himself out of temper, and risk catching rheumatism by attempting it, for there is no bird that takes more killing than a snipe. One peculiarity connected with him should be observed carefully, and that is, that he will never, if it can be avoided, fly with the wind. In consequence of this, unlike all other kinds of game, he is best approached down wind. As he lies close, this is not of much consequence, and by so doing, in his circle to get his head to windward, a good shot will often be obtained. About the best time to fire doctors differ, some averring that you should catch him at once, before his gyrations commence, and others that you should wait, and allow him to settle in his flight, before firing. I have heard of a very famous snipe shot who always took a pinch of snuff when his bird rose, and deliberately and scientifically brought him down. Personally, I prefer the quick style, but it of course, in a great measure, depends on how men generally accustom themselves to shoot. When the ground is drying off after rain is the best time, as the birds do not lie so well when the ground is very wet. Of course, after the bags that are made in India, China, or even in Irish snipe bog, what is to be done in England will appear small and insignificant. Nevertheless, I have seen very pretty sport in some of the southern meadows, and have known the birds rise from the thick reed beds to a retriever in a way that gladdens the heart of the most avaricious. True it is that the retrieving business, unless you have a very good dog indeed, is in these places rather difficult, but there is no mistake about the shooting. In some places where I have shot long paths of planks are laid on trestles, to enable the shooter to penetrate the swamps where these reeds grow, and a more effectual way for getting good shots I do not know. In such places as these sport will always be good, as nothing is very likely to alter them; but, in ordinary ground, snipe shooting is not what it was a few years ago. So much marsh land is now drained, and so many streams are now turned into watercress-beds, with men continually working in them, that the snipe is fairly driven out of his old haunts. Ducks, widgeon, and even plovers, are often met with while beating for snipe, and it adds not a little to the excitement of the sport that you do not know what may next rise before you. Where it is at all likely for such birds as I have mentioned, the best plan is to keep one barrel loaded with heavier shot, so as to be ready in either case. A very slight blow will bring down a snipe, and he may be killed at long distances. If you shoot without a dog it is requisite to mark him well when he falls, as he is not very easily found unless you do so. I may conclude this with an anecdote I once heard of a man who took the somewhat usual precaution of dropping his hat near where he believed the bird to have fallen, so that he might keep his search within moderate bounds. He searched the ground over and over again without avail. He distinctly saw the bird fall, but could not find him; and, loth as he was to lose his prey, he was forced at last to give it up as a bad job. To his intense astonishment, on taking up his hat, he found the bird under it, so accurately had he marked that, in dropping it for a guide, he had placed it right over the snipe. The little jack snipe is more difficult to kill than the common one, and the story of the one which served an ardent sportsman for the greater parter of a season, is known to most. From its habit of taking only short flights it afforded him a large number of shots daily, until, in an unfortunate hour, a friend came into the neighbourhood who could shoot, and at once potted poor Jack. Thus, as the other remarked, killing at one shot, what had served him several months' amusement, and would doubtless have given him several more, had not his career been thus prematurely cut short.

IN THE ARENA.

LAST week, after all, was rather prolific than otherwise of athletic doings, for both the Cambridge "trial eights" and the meeting of the London Athletic came off on Saturday, the last day of the week according to the Christian calculation. We can congratulate Cambridge on the result of the trial eights as having among the sixteen, "wet bobs," the material to form from among them a really good eight for next year. The rowing throughout both crews was characterised by a far more observance of swing power and time than has been found in these crews of late years. It would be idle at present to name those who are most likely to be chosen for next year's eight; but if we name Strachan, Randolph, Campbell, Winthorpe, Close, Phelps, and Gwatkin as the most likely men, we shall not be far wrong. Ridley did not appear to row nearly so well as last year, although a pretty oar and a very "game" one, he lacks the necessary stamina for a dash at the finish of a race.

The trial eights at Oxford come off this afternoon over the usual course. It would be impossible to give correctly the names of the different crews, as one or two of the men are occupied with the schools, and their places have to be temporarily occupied by others. It is almost certain that the boats will be stroked respectively by Messrs. Tahourdin and Woodhouse. Next week we shall be in a position to give information as to the individual rowing; but now can only suggest that Baker, Brymer, Lewis, Champneys, Dowding, and Burgess are expected to do great things. There can be no doubt but that both crews are fully up to the average, and consequently there is bound to be a good race. If we have a fancy, it is for Woodhouse's crew.

The London Atheletic Club held (despite the weather) a very successful meeting on Saturday, at Beaufort-house. The following is a return of the running:—160 yards handicap, final heat, was won by Mr. R. Matthews, with 3 yards start. This gentleman must have improved greatly or else been underrated by the handicappers, as he has only run in three races and won them all very easily. On what reason Mr. Butcher, the scratch man, was handicapped to give him 3 yards we cannot understand, as last time these gentlemen met Mr. Butcher essayed to give Mr. Mathews 5 yards in 130, and was beaten without a semblance of a race by more than the start he gave, and yet Mr. Butcher, a notoriously bad stayer, is called on to give him 3 yards in a 160 yards race; verily, the scratch men in "sprint" races do have a hard time of it with the handicappers, yet in long distances the scratch men invariably are at the finish "there" or thereabouts—where they should be. The 600 yards race resulted in favour of Mr. Page after a really good race with Mr. Rye; but then Mr. Page, through the generosity of the competitors, was allowed to run in final heat without having competed in the preliminaries; although a very good-natured act, it is a bad precedent to establish. A walking race of two miles was carried off by Mr. Gordon, who won somewhat easily; and though we are not general admirers of these races, on account of the "mixing" that goes on we must in this instance confess that it was really a treat to see the manner in which Mr. Nunn, who finished second, gradually wore down his opponents one by one with the exception of the winner, who, although wishing him no harm or ill-will, we should have liked to have seen passed by Mr. Nunn. Messrs. Butcher and Eames ran a match of a furlong during the afternoon, the former gentleman conceding 2 yards start, and won the race very easily, although somewhat out of his distance. An assault of arms was held by the members of this club on Wednesday evening at Beaufort House, when the usual amount of sparring, fencing, and "lead cutting" was gone through by Messrs. Aitchison, Nunn, H. J. Chinnery, Pearson, Jones, Spicer, Eglese, Corporal Majors Butt, and Waite. By far the best

performance of the evening was the "set to" between Mr. H. J. Chinnery and Ned Donnelly, the professional pugilist; the elegance and finish of Mr. Chinnery's style was justly admired and applauded, and the four rounds they fought were all well contested.

George Davidson has at length rivalled the celebrated "Westhall feat," by doing 21 miles in 3 hours. The names of those who have attempted and failed at this performance is Legion; even Westhall only accomplished it with about a minute to spare, and as rumoured by his enemies under questionable circumstances, but here Davidson not only does the distance in a recognised path in broad daylight, but with nearly *seven minutes' to spare;* a feat which Westhall, with a "trot" thrown in, could not have accomplished. Either walkers must have greatly improved their style and time, or else the necessary notation for counting laps round Hackney Wick is not so accurate as it might be; but, however, better authorities than ourselves have acknowledged the accuracy of the distance and time, so all we can do is to keep a corner among our "archives," for George Davidson as having performed the greatest recognised pedestrian feat of these or any other times.

The Man About Town.

Price Twopence.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

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Advertisements.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

Positively the Last Night of the Season.

To-Night, Dec. 11, LUCREZIA BORGIA. Gennaro, Signor Mongini (who will introduce the aria "Deserta in Terra")—Mercadante): Duca Alfonso, Mr. Santley; Gubetta, Signor Antonucci; Maffio Orsini, Mdlle. Schalchi; and Lucrezia Borgia, Mdlle. Titiens. After which, the Grand Scene of the Resuscitation of the Nuns, from "Roberto Il Diavolo." Elena, Mdlle. Blanche Ricois. During the evening will be sung the National Anthem.

Doors open at half-past seven, the opera commences at eight o'clock.

The usual restrictions as to evening dress will not be enforced.

Reserved Box Seats, 7s.; Amphitheatre Stalls (Reserved), 5s. Amphitheatre Stalls (Unreserved), 4s.; Pit (considerably enlarged by the removal of several rows of stalls), 3s.; Amphitheatre, 2s.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.—Under the Sole Management of Mr. A. Harris.—On MONDAY, Dec. 27, will be produced a grand spectacular, pantomimical, fairy extravaganza, entitled THE YELLOW DWARF; or Harlequin Cupid and the King of the Golden Mines. By Henry J. Byron. Morning Performances every Wednesday and Saturday, at 2 o'clock.

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. F. B. Chatterton.

FORMOSA.—111th night.—Last two weeks.—The scenery in London and on the Thames by the unrivalled artist William Beverly. THIS EVENING, at 7.50.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST; or Harlequin Old Mother Bunch, will be produced on MONDAY, Dec. 27, and positively withdrawn on Saturday, Feb. 26. Morning Performances every Wednesday, and Saturday during the above period. Box-office open from ten till five daily.—THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Now OPEN for the SEASON.—The New Comedy, NEW MEN AND OLD ACRES. "A great success. Whether we regard the delicacy of satire, neatness of construction, healthiness of tone or polish in writing, there are few plays now before the London public which are so thoroughly satisfactory as 'New Men and Old Acres.'"—Vide Times of the 27th ult. THIS EVENING at seven FAMILY JARS. Mr. Compton; Mrs. E. Fitzwilliam. After which at a quarter to eight, the new comedy, NEW MEN AND OLD ACRES. Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Chippendale, Mr. Howe, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Braid, Mr. Buckstone, jun.; Miss Madge Robertson, Mrs. Chippendale, Mrs. E. Fitzwilliam, Miss C. Hill, &c. Concluding with A DAUGHTER TO MARRY. Mr. Kendall; Miss Fanny Gwynne. Box-office open daily from ten till five.

ASTLEY'S.—On Monday, December the 27th, will be Produced E. T. Smith's 29th Pantomime, entitled, JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK, in which MASTER PERCY ROSELLE will appear.

ADELPHI THEATRE ROYAL.—Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Benjamin Webster.

Second week of Dion Boucicault's celebrated drama of "The Long Strike," with entire new scenery. THIS EVENING, at 7, Dion Boucicault's celebrated drama, in three acts entitled THE LONG STRIKE, in which Mr. Benjamin Webster and Miss Furtado will make their tenth appearance this season. Messrs. Arthur Stirling, G. Belmore, W. Rignold, C. H. Stephenson, C. J. Smith. At 9, LOST AT SEA. Grand effects.

THEATRE ROYAL, ST. JAMES'S.—MRS. JOHN WOOD as H.R.H. the Princess Pocohontas, in the Grand Indian Burlesque, LA BELLE SAUVAGE. "A brilliant success."—Times. "An immense success."—Standard.

THEATRE ROYAL HOLBORN.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Barry Sullivan.

This Evening, at 7, LOVE'S SACRIFICE. Barry Sullivan, Messrs. George Honey, J. C. Cowper, C. Horsman, Lin Rayne, Lunt, &c.; Mrs. Hermann Vezin, Miss J. Rignold, Miss Amy Fawsitt, Mrs. C. Horsman, &c. Principal Scenic Artist, Mr. J. Hicks.

QUEEN'S.—11th Night of F. C. Burnand's New Drama, MORDEN GRANGE. New Scenery by Messrs. George Gordon and W. Phillips. New and fashionable dresses by Madame Reid.—Orchestra Stalls, 7s.

MORDEN GRANGE.—The Rivereside Farm.—Mr. Frank Matthews, Mr. Ryder, Miss Henrietta Hodson, Miss Sophy Young.—Balcony Stalls, 5s.

MORDEN GRANGE.—Exterior of Wray's Mill.—Messrs. W. Belford, G. Rignold, A. Nelson, H. Dalton, W. Gresham, and Miss Georgina Pauncefort.—Box Stalls, 2s. 6d. Bonnets allowed.

MORDEN GRANGE.—Drawing-room in Morden Grange, Night—Hall in Grand Central Hotel, London. Pit, 1s. 6d.

MORDEN GRANGE, at a quarter-past 8. Preceded by A LOVER BY PROXY.—Mr. W. Belford (his 5th appearance here). Amphitheatre, 1s. Gallery, 6d. Box-office open from ten till five.—QUEEN'S THEATRE.

ROYAL SURREY THEATRE.—Sole Lessee, Mrs. Chas. Pitt.

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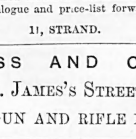

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